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perative in horses and horsemanship ever reminds one of them alone, never of Mr. Herring, surely. The spirit, the *style* is there. The scientific philosopher, a great Progressionist, who thinks we are in little better than our nebular incipency, and whose *Novissimum Organum* (embodied in his Australian lectures), indicating (with all other things) the vast future Art-evolution, or development is to show what poor mere sucklings in Art our "great old masters" were, on ardent praise of Raphael, spares only now and then, from courteous pity, his short laugh of contempt, disposing of the painter to his own contentment, by such a dictum as that his anatomy is false—in his figure of Ananias, for instance. That may be, or *may not*; but the *style* the expressive position, turn, and air of a fine human limb, the great artistic points are there. And, on the other hand, drawing praised by scientific men is sometimes artistically most defective, from its want of that vitality and grace, which the most ignorant of science may clearly, tenderly, see to be in nature. And on this question, we consider it may be laid down as an axiom, that, *in a picture, an error against science is but a second-class error*; errors against expression, character, beauty, and harmony, being the only first-class ones. And here, we believe, some division of labor must ultimately be acquiesced in thankfully. Perfect Art and perfect Science combined, would surely be a field too wide for one brief human life; and if one must in some degree be sacrificed, should it not be the more foreign element? And besides, the highest consideration remains behind; would the severe and minute analytical toil needful to perfect Science be compatible with those habits of imaginative feeling, and its dry demonstrations with the free play of invention, and tender sentiment primarily indispensable to Art, as *mula poesis*? We fear not. Too much imitation supersedes feeling and invention; and we can, we think, trace the decline of minds among us, originally of pathetic power, to an excess of devotion to the objects supplied to our historic painters by Wardourstreet, and by Lewis and Allenby. Similar mischief, in its degree, would, we fear, follow a disproportioned value of scientific considerations. The Physiologist, the Psychologist, and Æsthete combined, the leading note in the present passage of the mighty *crescendo*, from the baby past to the immeasurable future, is absolutely powerless to perceive the majesty, the beauty, and the Shakspearean expressiveness of Raphael's Cartoons. Quite plainly, he has no sense of the beautiful, no tenderness *in his intellect* (we do not say in his heart), apprehensive of those fine feelings and harmonies, which here are all in all. To him, majesty and dignity are a dead letter, or worse, a mere rag of the oligarchical past, grace and elegance, but fine-ladyism.

Reynolds (most various, most rich in moods and humors of portrait painters), and Gainsborough (with all his subtle witchery of feeling and of pencil), he sums up as capable of little but frivolity and affectation, assuming, it surely needs must follow, that these painters thoroughly approved of all the airs and graces they painted, with no vein of delicate and sprightly satire in them; and as if Lady Betty Modely should have been idealized into a model utilitarian woman, with a face stoically indurated by all the ologies, cast into iron lines by the very energy of grimmest duty. When before those august Cartoons, which veritably seem, like the Histories they adorn, inspired, he cannot extricate himself, or rise to them, from

some insignificant oversight in a detail, or something at variance with a huge universal-development theory of his own, expressed in an organic phraseology, which would, we doubt not, have made the tremendous noddle of Michael Angelo Buonarroti himself turn round, in its vain endeavors to apply it to the particular subject; and this, we think, does not augur well of the ultimate effects of Science itself on Art. Not that we should have dwelt so much on these opinions, had they not, unhappily, been widely prevalent. Some recent criticisms in highly-regarded periodicals, propounding the doctrine that the admiration for these Cartoons is a delusion, are even horribly Cimmerian, worthy of those ingenious and business-like savages, the Anthropophagi, who carried their heads in their pockets.

The anticipated effects of Madam Science on landscape painting, were marked amusingly in a criticism in Blackwood, on one of Mr. E. W. Cooke's pictures. "Mr. Hamerton, in his *Painter's Camp*, has justly observed that the progressive element in our Art is the scientific, not the poetic." (Which, according to our view, would be as much as to say that the progressive element in our *poetry* is the scientific, not the poetic). "And this landscape by Mr. Cooke is indeed true to the science of geology, and accords with the laws whereby the strata of the giant rock have been first laid down, and then upheaved—true to the science of statics, by which vast bodies rest in repose; true to the science of dynamics, by which every wave of the ocean moves in cadence. Such is the science of nature, which becomes the science of Art, and in turn is transfused into poetry; and in this science known and fitly applied, is the progress of our landscape school made sure." The critic here seems to us true to the trick and fashion of word-smothering pedantry. But only think, my dear professor of aesthetics, how such language would sound when applied to a similarly scientific representation of a human face, terming it true to the science of osteology, whereby the bones, &c., to the science of myology, whereby the muscles, &c., to the science of angi-ology, whereby the blood-vessels, &c., and finally, true to the sciences of neurology and splanchnology, whereby the nerves and organs of sensation and respiration perform their various functions with so marvelous an economy. It might be all this, with something of statics too, in the pose of the figure, and of dynamics in the flow of the wind-unravelled hair, and yet a wretched performance, destitute of every condition needful to tolerable picture; and, on the other hand, a face in a work of Art may be very unscientifically heavenly, like Francia's sorrowing, and Fra Beato's rejoicing angels. And indeed, as it almost certainly would be in that omniscient head, *because* of those various endowments, so it often actually is with these scientific rocks, and pedantic precipices, in which their masonry and not their architecture is given; like the drawing of one who in portraying a Gothic cathedral (or say St. Owen's for instance) should think anxiously of the mere lie of the stones, and make feeble rude work, or what Mrs. Siddons in her unsuccessful modelling called "whibble-whabble," of porch, and lantern tower, and pinnacle. The unscientific ignorance, with the artistic knowledge, and true feeling of Salvator and Gaspar Poussin, painters so one-sidedly scorned in the recent great æsthetical triumph of words over things, of new knowledge over old feeling, of pedantry over poetry, how incomparably more interesting and

stirring to the imagination! And then the latter part of that Blackwood criticism, all about the science of Nature becoming the science of Art, and being transfused into poetry! The easy brevity of these words is a fine antithesis to the enormous obstructions and remoteness between the matters so plausibly set forth as naturally sequent. Here logic leaps like the wild kid, outstepping even everything tabled of seven-league boots. For Science, instead of naturally germinating into Art and Poetry, comes from sources in opposition rather, more's the exceeding pity, and so far antagonistic, that she, of her own motion, inclines coldly, narrowly, to play the tyrant over her fair elder sister, and forbid her finer graces which arise from freedom of fancy, devotion to the beautiful, tender impassioned sympathies, humors, sentiments, and a thousand gifts of mind with which Science has so little concern, that her habits of dry analysis and demonstration leave little room for their encouragement.

(To be Continued.)

MUSICAL REVIEW.

CANTICA SACRA; or, Hymns for the Children of the Catholic Church. Set to original music by Rev. J. H. Cornell. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

This collection of original hymns is intended for the use of the children of the Catholic Church, and is, by its simplicity and clearness, well adapted for such service. The want of a collection of hymns which should be within the compass and the ability of little singers to accomplish, and should yet be of a character to elevate the taste, has long been acknowledged by all Catholic authorities. This want has been ably supplied in the present volume. One point of excellence in this book is, that the music is written to the words, thus insuring between the words and music, a perfect union of sentiment. In ordinary hymn books, tunes are used to any words of the same meter, irrespective of uncongeniality of sentiment.

The music throughout the "Cantica Sacra" is excellent. The melodies are simple and flowing, and, in almost all instances, diatonic. The tunes have individual character, embodying the various sentiments and emotions. They are sorrowful, penitential or jubilant; now tender, and now strong, but each sentiment or emotion well defined. All the tunes are well harmonized and with a view to simplicity, but the Rev. Father Cornell is so excellent an harmonist that he has combined richness with simplicity, and has produced a book suitable for children and unaccomplished organists, and also acceptable, from its intrinsic excellence, to the profession. The book contains over a hundred hymns, with duplicate, but appropriate words, suited to all the occasions of the Roman Catholic service, and neatly bound. It is published with the approbation of the Bishop of Boston, Mass., whose recommendation, added to its superior merits, should insure its general adoption in all Catholic communities.

TE DEUM IN F. By H. Kotschmar. New York: Beer & Schirmer.

This is an easy Te Deum and well calculated for general circulation. The objection to Te Deums in general is their extreme length, caused by a frequent repetition of the words. This repetition of words, which would not occur in reading, seems necessary to render the musical forms round and complete. A change of character and sentiment occurs in every verse, which the music has to follow, and the difficulty is to compress these changing musical ideas into the briefest possible shape in conformity with the arbitrary rules of musical form. To do this, in completing the musical ideas, renders some repetition compulsory, and

hence arises the excessive length of *Te Deums* in general.

Mr. Kotzschmar has managed to compress his *Te Deum*, not having more than two repetitions in the whole composition, and with less damage to the flow of musical thought than might have been expected. Here and there we find a sudden pull up, as the respected Tony Weller would say, which strikes the ear as very abrupt, but the exigencies of the case rendered it unavoidable. As we have said, this *Te Deum* is quite simple; it is also melodious and well and plainly harmonized, thus bringing it within the reach of ordinary choirs, by which it can be rendered effectively. But why does Mr. Kotzschmar commence his *Te Deum* in the key of F, and end it in the key of B flat? It is contrary to all rule and all practice, and unlike some exceptional cases, it has not the excuse of a special or possible effect for the transgression, more especially as the return to the original key could have been accomplished most effectively in four additional bars.

APOLLO MAZOURKA. For the Piano. By J. N. Patison. New York: Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway.

This is a sort of companion to the "Sunrise Polka," by the same composer, which has become so widely popular, and will, we think, be as well received by the public. For this favor it will depend less upon its originality, than upon a certain melodious flow and graceful form of passages. It is a meretricious but familiar composition, and will assuredly become quite popular.

FAUST POLKA. For the piano. By Ed. Hoffmann. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway, N. Y.

This is a very graceful and melodious Polka, with a well-defined beat and a good dancing swing. The Old Man's Chorus, in the Kermesse scene, is cleverly and effectively introduced. It is brilliant without being difficult, and should become a favorite in our private *salons*.

YOU CAME TO ME WITH WINNING SMILE. Song. Words by J. H. McNaughton. Music by Virginia Gabriel. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway, N. Y.

This is superior to the ordinary run of ballad music. The melody is passionate and the accompaniment smooth and appropriate. The progression would have been better if in bar four of the song, the accompaniment had been F in the bass, and A, D, in the treble. The present arrangement is weak and commonplace. At the sixth bar of the song, the word should be "guile" instead of "smile."

PRETTY ROSALINE. Ballad. By Edward Hoffman. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway, N. Y.

A pretty, quaint, and simple ballad, which the charming singing of Madame Varian-Hoffman has made popular throughout the country. Its vocal compass is moderate, and the accompaniment is very simple.

THE TRANQUIL STREAM. Nocturne, for the Piano-forte. By J. de Jasienski. New York: Wm. Hall & Son.

A very sweet andantino movement in E flat. The subject is suggestive of quiet, tender reflection, and calm yet sensuous enjoyment. The flowing figure for the left hand is well sustained, and the composition only requires a tender touch and a moderate execution to accomplish its performance effectively.

FEU DES ETOILES. (Fire of the Stars,) for the Piano-forte. Composed and dedicated to Miss Mary E. Hall, by J. de Jasienski.

This is a graceful, sentimental waltz, the leading phrase of which is good, but of respectable antiquity. The other subjects are flowing and melodious, and the Coda is brilliant. It is easy of execution and quite effective.

DOWN AMONG THE LILIES. Ballad. Words by Geo. Cooper, music by J. R. Thomas. N. Y.: Wm. Hall & Son.

Mr. J. R. Thomas is, deservedly, one of the most popular ballad writers of the day. His reputation is so widely spread, that several London publishing houses have contracted engagements with him for exclusive copyrights of his new songs. "Down among the Lilies," is a graceful and expressive song, hardly as spontaneous as most of his ballads, but still pleasant and effective. It meets with the usual compliment of an encore, whenever sung by the composer. The words are evidently written to a "catch title," but the writer gets over a difficult rhyme in a very ingenious manner, thus:—

"Beside the leafy lane we meet,
(Just beyond the mill is)—
And then we pass the hours so sweet,
Down among the lilies!"

GENTLE RAIN. Etude for the Piano-forte. By A. W. Hawthorne. Dedicated to Herbert Beech, Esq., of New York. Wm. Hall & Son.

This is the first work published in this country of a young English composer and pianist but recently arrived here. It possesses decided merits. The melody is smooth, flowing and expressive. It is sustained and well marked, while supporting a superstructure of fanciful and delicate floriture, like the bright drippings of a summer rain. It is an excellent study for a certain form of passage, and requires a smooth touch and a delicate manipulation for its proper execution. It is a piece which will recommend itself to teachers for pupils of fair proficiency.

LOVE'S LAMENTATION. Song. Words by C. H. H. Pannell, music by E. G. B. Holder. New York: Wm. Hall & Son.

Mr. Holder gives evidence of improvement in his composition and particularly in his accompaniments. The melody and sentiment of this song are good, and will prove effective in the *salon*. We suggest to Mr. Holder, however, that the bass figure in the symphony, being unsupported by any answer, is not only out of place, but approaches the verge of bathos.

LATEST READINGS.

EVA. A Goblin Romance. In five parts. By JOHN SAVAGE. New York. James B. Kirker.

This is a mttetric Romance in which the material and the immaterial are intimately blended, mingling human motives and passions, with goblin and selfish rites and purposes, weaving from both a plot which is both curious and interesting. Mr. Savage has drawn upon the wild superstitions of Ireland for the weird machinery of his poem, and has invested his descriptions with much of the rich legendary lore with which that country abounds. He has an observant eye for the beauties of Nature, and a warm appreciation of their poetical influences, evidences of which will be found in his glowing descriptions of local scenery, and of the floral inhabitants of the romantic spot he has chosen to people with human and immaterial shapes.

The salient point in the poetic design, is the consolation of the Cross—the triumph of Truth, and the calm which belief throws over a heart troubled and torn by human sorrow.

The time of the opening of the poem is thus described:

"The evening Sun was setting fair
Beneath a sky of blue,
And Nature's charms on earth, in air,
Wore fading into dew:

The sun's broad beams athwart did lie
The crimson mantled West,
As a golden Cross of Chivalry
Charged on a purple vest:

A gentle breath the shrubs among—
A gentle sigh of air.
As though a gentle maiden's song
Was lilting here and there;

The busy bushes keeping time,
The tendrils join each note,
And all is soft as silv'ry rhyme
From out a silv'ry throat:

The wild rose blushes on the eve
Of going to its rest,
And bends its crimson cheek to grieve
On mother Earth's calm breast.

The locality is described with much vigor in the following verses:

It is a broken valley wild,
The Dodder streaming down
Its center, and the mountain heath
Envelops with a purple wreath
Kippure's age-mottled crown.

O valley! consecrate to song,
In poet-warrior's soul,
Where memories of Ossian throng—
Delightful Glean-nis-mole!

O valley! famed in Ancient days
Not more by Ossian's voice,
Than thrushes', whose bewildering maze
Of melody made all thy braes
And hundred dells rejoice.

Romantic, rugged, sombre, grand,
The hills jut out and fall
Into the devious vale, as though
To stay the Dodder's reckless flow:
Which foams, and frets, through all.

They drive the stream from shore to shore;
It shakes with rage, then sweeps
Around the base, with lengthening pace,
With sullen surge, breaks through the gorge,
And frothing, onward leaps.

By Aylagower, clear as glass
The pools glide smoothly free,
Till further down, a group of rocks,
Like bathing dwarfs jumps up and mocks
Their placid ecstasy.

Then like branch-broken rays from sun—
Or sparks from the blacksmith's blow—
Or, shattered gems, they flash and run
To frothen the angry flow.

And now they chant a boisterous song,
United, now they hymn,
And anon they murmuring lilt along
In the shade of you broken, dim.

The lovers have met in the graveyard of an old monastic ruin. They are lovers in heart, although their love has not yet been told. The Maiden is thus described:

"The youthful maid an angel's face—
An angel's form, I ween,
A mingling grace lit up her face
Of blooming ripe sixteen.

Tresses like an autumn night
Hang o'er her forehead's day,
Darkly rich—a pearly light
Outlines each curling spray.

Eyes of such unearthly light,
Though dark as ever wrought;
By Heaven! they twist me as a sprite,
Though I but see in thought.